

THE ROVER.

A DOLLAR MAGAZINE OF TALES, POETRY AND ROMANCE.

EDITED BY LAWRENCE LABREE AND ARTHUR MORRELL.

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR IN ADVANCE.]

B. B. DEAN & CO., PUBLISHERS, 123 FULTON-ST.

[THREE CENTS SINGLE.

VOLUME IV.

NEW YORK. SATURDAY, JANUARY 25, 1845.

NUMBER 10.

STANZAS.

BY H. H. CLEMENTS.

Like a lost echo 'mid the hills,
The voice that answered mine has died ;
For love's sweet song no longer thrills
The breast, when desolate with pride ;
And as the sunbeam leaves no trace
On what it falls, so to my eye
The beautiful in form and face
Forever pass unheeded by.

Ah ! melancholy as the chime
That calls the mourner to the tomb,
Is now the air, the sky, the clime,
Made once so radiant by the bloom—
The love that in thy laughing eyes
Shall lure another to his fate,
Like me, will bless thee that it dies
In pain and sorrow, not in hate.

Original.

she loved the girl the more for her fond regret. She asked her for what cause her liberty had been forfeited, for she knew that Alice had not been born a slave, but on this point she could not obtain satisfaction. Berenice would not pursue the painful subject, but her sister's curiosity was not so easily suppressed. She questioned her father, and the reply of Flavius made both his daughters start with horror.

"It was for crime," he said, "for crime of a blacker nature than you can conceive, for crime that merited death, but I pitied her youth; nay," he continued, "be not alarmed, she cannot, will not injure you; she is gentle and skilful in the healing art, for this reason I have her about you, and—you are Romans, and noble, Berenice!—you will not descend to undue familiarity with a slave."

Berenice remembered this injunction; she meant to obey it; but shortly after this conversation she was attacked by a painful illness, and, during the tedious hours of sleepless nights, she could not refrain from desiring Alice to tell her stories, and sing her songs, as she had been wont to do. Often and often as she watched the quick soft step of her attendant, and compared her unwearied assiduity and gentle activity with the indolence and carelessness of her other slaves, she wondered what could be the crime of which so meek and unoffending a creature had been guilty. One night, she felt worse than usual, and having persuaded her sister to retire for awhile, she lay perfectly still, meditating on the past, and on the future, that fearful future, of which she knew so little, and which she so much dreaded. Alice was kneeling by her couch, and believing her mistress to be asleep, she prayed in a soft voice to the God of the Christians for her recovery. Berenice listened in still attention; she heard, to her surprise, the meditation of a Being implored, of whose very existence she was totally ignorant; she saw Alice rise at last, with an expression of resignation and holy hope in her meekly raised eyes, which she had never witnessed in the votaries of Jove. She called the trembling girl to her side, and bade her quickly explain her sacred faith. Alice hesitated; she knew the danger she would incur for both, and some remains of the fear of man yet lingered about her heart; but she conquered the unworthy feeling, and, drawing from the folds of her robe a roll of parchment, she read aloud to her attentive audience the record of the most surprizing event in the history of mankind.

Many months had passed away. One evening the sisters were together in their own apartment. Veronica stood before a mirror, her vest of satin, her flower-wreathed robe, her zone of brilliants told that she was preparing for a festival. At the farther end of the room Berenice was seated. She was arrayed in a plain white dress, and her long hair fell unbraided in its own rich luxuriance about her throat and shoulders; with one hand she fondled a snow-white dove, and ever and anon her dark hair fell over the gentle bird, and it nestled lovingly within it; the other rested on a parchment

TALE OF THE EARLY CHRISTIANS.

In the reign of Marcus Aurelius Antonius, there lived in Rome a good old Senator, who had two daughters, Veronica and Berenice were noted, less for their beauty and gentleness, than for the extraordinary resemblance they bore to each other, and for their mutual affection. These girls were twins, their mother had died during their infancy, and it was found, after her death, that a mother's eye only had been able to distinguish the children. Had their father, Flavius Torquatus, bestowed much of his time and attention on them, he might have acquired the same power of discrimination; but the noble patrician's hours were divided between the senate-house and the court; and when he came home at night, wearied, he was well enough pleased to play with his two sweet little girls without further troubling himself concerning them. And yet he was a kind father; he entreated his widowed sister to take up her abode with him, that she might take care of the children; he allotted for their use a magnificent suite of rooms; he purchased for them a numerous train of slaves. Veronica and Berenice had scarcely a wish ungratified.

As they increased in years, the remarkable similarity of their persons remained undiminished, but their characters became essentially different. Berenice was pensive, gentle, it might be somewhat melancholy, studious, and fond of retirement; Veronica was volatile, giddy, of quick and warm affections, yet did these points of difference not lessen their fond affection.

They had completed their sixteenth year, when, among other presents brought by their father on his return from a visit to the east, was a young female slave of extraordinary intelligence and merit. She soon became the favorite of Berenice, and the noble young Roman would frequently recline for hours on her couch, while the slave beside her, occupied at her embroidery, would tell her tales of her own family and native land. She wept when she spoke of her peaceful home and aged parents, and Berenice felt as though

which appeared to engross the maiden's deepest attention.

"Come now, Berenice," said her sister, playfully fixing the wreath of roses, prepared for herself, on her sister's brow, "lay aside for once your melancholy book, and send your dove to his rest, and come down with me to the banquet." Berenice looked up, and answered gently.

"Not so, Veronica, not to night; it is the anniversary of poor Alice's death; and did she not die for love of me, watching and waiting when all others slept? Her image has been with me through the day; I cannot join the banquet with my heart full of sad memories; leave me, sister;" and Berenice took off, and returned the wreath.

"Yet listen, one word more; thou knowest who will be there this evening. My father will frown, and Lucius Emilius will sigh when I go in alone. Lucius departs to-morrow for the battle; and shall he go without one benison from his affianced?"

"No," replied her sister, speaking low and faltering; "you, Veronica, will tell him that I wait to see him here, before his departure."

"Berenice! my sister, bethink you of our father; remember his patrician prejudices; surely this step—"

"Go, dear sister," answered Berenice, mildly yet firmly; "for the love that you bear me, do me this errand. I would not any other eye should mark the weakness I fear to betray at parting with one whom my father has commanded me to love; tell my father I am unwell, and it is true, my head and heart ache—go, dearest." And Veronica, unconvinced, yet persuaded by the tears of her sister, which in truth were flowing fast, left her alone.

Berenice resumed her reading, but not for many minutes; she arose and shut the volume, saying, "Not thus, not thus, with divided attention, and with wandering thought, may I presume to read this holy record." She placed it within a small golden casket, locked it carefully, and then walked forth into a balcony, on which the windows of the apartment opened. The moon had just risen and shed soft light on the magnificent buildings of the eternal city; the cool, thin air swept over the brow of the maiden, and calmed her agitated thoughts; she had a bitter trial before her, for she was about to inflict a deep wound on the heart of one whom she loved with all the innocent fervor of a girl's first affection: and she trembled, as she pictured to herself his surprise and sorrow. Then Berenice looked up at the quiet of the evening sky, and thought of the time, when earth's interests would be over for her: and could she thus look, and thus think, and still hesitate?—Ah, no! When she heard the step of Lucius drawing nigh, she plucked a single flower from a creeping plant, that overshadowed the balcony, and, keeping it in her hand as a token, to recall her better resolutions, she advanced to meet him.

"It was not for this, I sent for you hither," in reply to his passionate expressions of regret and love; "you are a Roman soldier, Lucius, and I know it was neither your destiny, nor your wish, to be ever at lady's side. Believe me, I have learned to look on this parting as on a thing inevitable;" but even as she spoke, her voice faltered.

Lucius leaned forward to console her, to whisper of re-union, of life-long re-union: "Your father has promised, dearest," he said, "that, this campaign once

over, the Marcomanni once defeated, I shall be rewarded, at my return, with the hand of my Berenice."

"It may be so," she answered sadly, "if you still wish it."

"If I wish it! Berenice, of what are you dreaming?"

"I am not dreaming, Lucius Emilius, I am speaking the words of sober reality. You think of me, as of the beloved child of Flavius Torquatus; the co-heiress of his wealth and honors; of one whose hand will confer distinction. If, on your return from Germany, you should find me despoiled of all these advantages, an alien from my father's house, it may be from his heart, scorned and forgotten by my friends, despised by mankind—"

"You would still," replied Lucius, "be to me the same Berenice, whom in her hour of prosperity, I had vowed to love and to cherish; but what can be the meaning of your terrible words? why do you torture yourself, and me, by such utterly vain imaginings?"

Berenice withdrew from the encircling arm that supported her; she leaned against the slight column of the verandah; her voice was softer than the softest whisper, yet every word fell with terrible clearness on the ear of her lover "Lucius Emilius, I am a Christian."

Lucius went forth that night from the chamber of his betrothed an altered man; for the chill of disappointment had fallen on his proudest and fondest hopes. He had tried all his persuasive powers to induce the girl to forsake her new opinions; he had tried in vain; so now nought for him remained to do but to fulfil the engagement in which his honor was concerned, and then to return—to love her still, and to protect her—if necessary, with his life. He bore with him two precious gifts—to console him in absence, as far as anything could console him—the golden casket and the carrier dove.

* * * * *

Berenice was again alone, not, as heretofore, in the solitude of her own luxurious apartment; not surrounded, as she was wont to be, with her books, and music, and flowers; she was alone in the solitude of a gloomy prison chamber. A small aperture near the ceiling, guarded by iron bars, admitted just light enough to show the dismal emptiness of the place, no tapestry hangings to hide the cold damp walls, no warm carpets to cover the stone floor. It contained only a low couch, and on that the maiden was seated, sometimes raising her clasped hands in the deep earnestness of prayer, sometimes covering her red and swollen eyes to hide, it might be from herself, the tears she could not restrain. Presently a low knock was heard at the door, and her father entered. Berenice shuddered, and said, "Not this, oh, let me be spared this worst grief!—yet, no! the sacrifice must be complete; give me only strength to bear it." Then she advanced, and led Flavius Torquatus to her couch, and meekly kneeling before him, prayed him yet once more to lay his hand upon her, and to bless her.

The old man answered, "It is not for this I come, unhappy girl; I come to tell you that all my entreaties have been in vain; the orders of the emperor must not be disobeyed, and his orders were, that all of your fanatical sect should be exterminated. Were Marcus here, the tears and prayers of his faithful old servant might avail; but he is beyond the Danube; to-morrow, a general execution! Oh, Berenice! my child, my child! must I live to see your blood flow forth by the hand of a common executioner?"

"I come not, as I came yesterday," he continued, after a long pause, "with tears and entreaties to move you; yesterday, I knelt to implore you to save your father's heart from breaking; and all in vain. To-day I come with harsher purpose. You asked me but now to take you in my arms and bless you, as I did when you were a little child. Berenice, if you do not abandon your infatuation, if you persist in bringing eternal dishonor on your line—Berenice, listen! may the curse of your father!"

The girl pressed his arm heavily; she tried to speak, but her parted lips were white as marble, and refused to utter a sound.

The old man looked on her; and the curse on his lips was stayed. He looked on her, and kissed her, ere he went, for he had tenderly loved her mother.

"My sister!" she faintly murmured, as he moved away, but Flavius answered,

"You will never see her again; you would infect her with your superstition; I cannot be left childless in my old age." And the old man went, and as the last sound of his departing step died away, Berenice thought her worst trial was over, und she withdrew her thoughts from the world, and sought to prepare her soul for death.

Late in the following day, the people of Rome assembled in the amphitheatre, to witness the martyrdom of the Christians. Horrible deaths they died! Some were torn to pieces by wild beasts; others were burned at a slow fire! Some few were crucified, and they counted such death an unmerited honor. Berenice was reserved for the last, and because she was of Roman and patrician blood, she was to suffer the milder punishment of decollation. The sign was given, and when it was proclaimed by the herald, that the Christian maiden was coming forth, there was so deep a silence among that vast multitude that even the advancing steps of the girl and her conductors were heard. But what was the surprise of all present, when they beheld, not one, but two young maidens, both dressed alike in white raiment, both coming forth with the same quiet step, and placid demeanor; and one, it might be the most tranquil, advanced a step toward the seat where he who governed the city, during the absence of Marcus Antonius sat, and thus addressed him.

"It is I, most noble perfect, who am Berenice the Christian; this girl, my sister, for love of me, would take my name and punishment on herself, but credit her not; it is I who am the condemned."

Then arose a touching dispute between the sisters—sisterly love lending one the eloquence which the other derived from truth. Many of their friends, and even of their relatives in the amphitheatre, were called on to come down and decide between them, but some spoke for one and some spoke for the other. Veronica, in her agonizing fears, had lost the light and joyous expression of her countenance; and Berenice's meek and holy hopes had chased the deep melancholy from her face and mien.

One or two brutal voices arose and said, "They both call themselves Christians, let them both die the death!" but one of the maidens answered, "think not, most noble prefect, if you thus decree that you will be guilty of my sister's blood: she is not a Christian at heart; would to God she were! then would I no longer oppose her sharing my early death. Veronica, acknowledge the truth, and let me suffer alone!" But Veronica, if she was, persisted in her first declaration, and

none could tell how this dispute would terminate, when a new incident attracted the attention of the multitude, and silenced every doubt.

A speck was seen in the air, it came lower, nearer; it was a milk-white dove. The bird fluttered round one, then drew near the other; no caressing hand was held out to receive him, but his instinct was not to be deceived; he settled on the shoulder of her who had answered the harsh voice from the crowd, and sought to nestle as he was wont in her long hair. Many were present, who knew the pet belonged to Berenice, so the people were satisfied with this decision, and the weeping Veronica, still protesting against her own identity, was torn from the arms of her sister. Then the prefect, who had been much moved at this singular scene, turned to Berenice, as she stood alone in the arena, and said,

"It is not yet too late, young maiden, to preserve thy life; have pity on thy youth and loveliness, and on the gray hairs of thy aged father. What harm is it to swear by the fortune of Cæsar and to sacrifice and be safe?" But she answered, more firmly than ever:

"I am Christian, and I cannot sacrifice to your false gods! You condemn me to death, but I fear not to die in defence of the truth." She advanced, unbidden, to the fatal block, and knelt by it; yet, ere she joined her hands in prayer, she bent once more fondly over her little messenger bird, as if to bid farewell to the last object that told of earthly ties. There was a small scroll of parchment under its wing; Berenice felt it, and thinking it might perhaps tell her the only tidings she cared now to hear; she rose again, and holding it forth, she prayed permission to read it. The prefect did not refuse, and Berenice read, first in silence, and then aloud: "the emperor Marcus is dead, and Commodus is already proclaimed Cæsar." A loud shout rent the air. It was well known that Comodinus, in his heart, favored the despised sect, and in spite of their prejudices, the beauty and heroism of Berenice had moved the hearts of her countrymen in her favor. A general outcry for her release was heard, but this the prefect dared not grant. Berenice was remanded to prison until the pleasure of Comodinus should be known respecting the Christians. It was not very long ere, wearied with the hardships of the camp, he returned to his capital, and his first order was, that all Christians should be released, and restored to their privileges as Roman citizens. In his train came the young Lucius; he had found leisure, amid all the excitement of glory, and the hardships of his campaign, to study the precious gift of his betrothed; at first for love of her, and afterward from a wish to know the truth. So, when their nuptials, delayed awhile by the death of Flavius Torquatus, were at last solemnized, Berenice had the deep happiness of knowing that the husband of her choice, shared the sure faith, and pure hope of her own spirit. They remained not long in Rome; the follies and cruelties of Comodinus, rendered it distasteful to them; and although Lucius stood high in his favor, as he was very capricious, they knew not how long it might remain in their own power to depart or to abide in safety. They, therefore, bade adieu without a sigh, to the pomp and luxuries of the capital, and embarked for a little island in the northwest of Europe, without the range of civilization, where they knew they should enjoy safety and freedom.

Berenice was perfectly happy; she gave not one regret to the magnificence she abandoned, for Lucius

was with her, and as she stepped into the boat, a trembling, caressing girl clung to her, and a soft voice whispered in her ear. "My sister! whither thou goest, I will go; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God."

A TALE OF A TAR.

"AVAST THERE!—Haul taut the slack of your jaws, you niggers!" was the polite hint given by Jack Rattlin to two or three score of brown and sable laundresses, who had set up their pipes to the annoyance of the poor tar. He had been employed on-board a West Indiaman; but a few days previous to his ship's sailing, he was attacked by that inflammatory disease known by the name of the "yellow fever." Having been brought on shore for medical advice, and his case appearing desperate, the ship sailed without him. The captain, who was part owner, little to his credit, left but a scanty supply of money in the hands of a poor *mustif** woman, in whose house Jack was lodged, declaring that, as small as the sum was, it exceeded his wages! This lasted but a few days, and when it was exhausted his kind landlady supplied him with most of the necessaries his forlorn situation required, waiting upon him as nurse with as much care as though he were her son. Nor did his physician neglect him because he saw no prospect of being paid; on the contrary, had he been the governor of the island he could not have been better attended by Dr. C., who not only made his visits gratuitous, but brought him medicine, wine, and other things necessary for his sustenance. This, most will think, was only performing an act of humanity; but of all men I ever had an intercourse with, West India physicians, generally speaking, are the most charitable. The professors of the healing art of Europe, I doubt not, deserve as warm an elogium; those of the Antilles, I know, merit it. But to my story:—

Rattlin, being of rather a spare habit recovered from his fever, and as soon as he was strong enough, got employ in the coasting-trade. The drogher, on board which he sailed, belonged to a negro slave, who, like most persons in his situation, when "dressed in a little brief authority," tyrannized most cruelly over the unfortunate sailor. This he bore patiently until he saved a few dollars to pay his benevolent hostess; when he discharged himself, and went on board to fetch his chest.

"Wha' you want on board my 'cooner, you dam whitecockroach, after you discharge me from your employer?" said the slave tyrant who owned the vessel. Jack answered mildly, that he had come for his chest.

"An' wha' for you no pull off your hat to me, 'board my own vessel; tho' you been da sea all you life, you hab no more manners dan quank† in a wood; I hab a mind for gle you one lick da shall send you in a sea to mak' nyam (*food*) for shark," said the black petty tyrant, putting himself in a threatening attitude.

"Look you, shipmate," said Jack; "I've borne your slack jaw all this time because you were the skipper and owner of this here craft; but if you give me any more of your palaver, I'll soon have both your eyes into one;" displaying what our negroes call "two man-o'-war dumplings," whose appearance seemed to indicate that they would not sit light on the slave captain's stomach. So the latter appeared to think, for

* The descendant of a mulatta by a white father.

† Quank the musk-hog.

his manner all at once changed to extreme civility, and he tried to persuade Rattlin that he was only jesting. Jack's anger was immediately appeased; and with the frankness of a British seaman instantly gave him his hand, and they parted on good terms.

His next care was to look out for employment; but as his stock of clean apparel was exhausted, and he had no money, he did not wish to go on board any vessel without that appearance of neatness for which an English sailor so much prides himself; these circumstances made him determine on washing a pair of his trousers himself, a job which sailors are in the practice of doing on ship-board. To accomplish this, he went about half a mile from the suburbs of the town, and commenced operations beside a stream (for washing-tubs are here unknown,) wherein, and on the banks of which, stood some fifty or sixty yellow and dingy laundresses, thumping away with their beaties at the apparel of the inhabitants of the town. These ladies were shocked and scandalized at seeing a man attempting what they conceived to be their peculiar calling and accordingly commenced a violent set of *philippics* against the unfortunate sailor. All the terms of reproach in their language, English, French, Spanish, were exhausted by those dark declaimers, who may be classed among the most accomplished female orators in existence.

These diatribes were pouring out against him when he exclaimed, "Avast there—haul taut the slack of your jaws, or clap a tomkin on your muzzle, for your tongues are running fourteen knots an hour, spinning a yam with your double Dutch coiled against the sun; what tho' I be a poor sailor, and am obliged to scrub my own trousers, because, d'yee see, I am hard up in the clinch, without never a knife to cut the seizing. I desire none of these here black squalls."

Of this speech the sooty laundresses scarcely understood one word; they knew it was in reply to their tirades, and concluded, naturally enough, that he was paying them back in their own coin; as often, when spoken to in a language they do not understand, they conceive they are abused, or as they call it, "cursed." Jack's reply drew many a severe rejoinder from the saible ladies.

"Look he yle (look at his eyes,) dem like two dollar," said one.

"And him nose, like one two-barrel pistol," said another.

A French negress exclaimed, "Gardez le! le pas becca! le matelot!" That is, "look at him! he is not a white man, he is only a sailor!" For the French negroes never class sailors and soldiers as "beogees" (white men.)

"Why you buse poor sailor, 'cause him 'bliged for wash him own trousers, for? You no hab pity him—you no saby (know) 'spose him hab mother, wife, or sister, such a handsome buckra neber hab for wash him own clothes," said a mild-looking mulatto girl; and the appeal to the saible damsels had the effect of silencing their din. She added, addressing herself to Jack:—

"Neber mind dem, massa, dem foolish too much; go in dat shed yonder, sit down, and I go wash your trousers."

"Thank'ee, my good blackee," said the sailor, "I can scrub them myself, because I'm used to it; besides I've got no money, to pay you my lass."

* The French negro word *legue* and English term *buckra* are perhaps both corruption from the Spanish *blanco*.

The girl informed him that she required no payment; that she would conceive it a favor if he would allow her to perform the proposed trifling service, as those employed in washing were a little piqued at seeing a man rivaling them at what they conceived was their sex's employment. This was spoken, not in the most eloquent language, it is true, but with perfect politeness; for she possessed what was the first requisite of genuine politeness, namely, a kind heart and good sense.

The offer of Nancy was excepted by Rattlin, who retired to an *ajapa* (a shed.) The girl finished her voluntary work, and hung the habiliments on bamboo to dry; this a tropical mid-day sun and a breeze that proceeded from the neighboring mountains, shortly accomplished; but in the interim, Nancy came into the *ajapa*, and entered into conversation with the sailor.

"How do all the people do in England, massa?" said the brown damsel. This is a friendly sort of interrogative generally asked of new comers from "Home," as Creoles call Britain. Jack had been long enough in the West Indies to understand the question, which was however, too comprehensive for him immediately to reply to. After a pause, he answered:—

"Why, since the war, seamen's wages have been 3/10s. out of England, my lass."

"Me mean, how you famby, you father and mother do?" said the mulatress.

"I have neither father nor mother," said the matinier; "they died ever since I first went to sea, which was when I was a little boy."

"Me sposed you no hab mother, or you no 'blige for wash your own clothes; but neber mind, poor massa, luck go change, and you go get plenty money. But wha' can I do to 'muse (amuse) you, till you trousers dry?—Yes, I go make one little dinna ge (for) you."

Rattlin, though not a man of keen penetration, had the sense to comprehend this delicate and hospitable proposal; and the state of his appetite and purse induced him to accede to it. In a few minutes, Nancy spread a little table with a clothe as white as snow, on which she laid a cake of cassava, a wholesome kind of food (extracted from a root, which in its natural state, is a deadly poison,) some pounded plaintains, fried eggs, a dish of *cascadorees* (small delicious kind of river fish,) and by way of beverage, a jug of water, a bottle of syrup, and some weak claret.* The viands, though her common fare, Jack surveyed as luxuries; but he could not prevail on his humane hostess to sit down and partake of them with him. No; she knew he was but a poor sailor, but yet he was a WHITE MAN;—consequently, she conceived him her superior: so that all he could say or do, could not induce her to join him in his repast. His meal being ended, Nancy brought him his trousers. She had smoothed them, but regretted that she had not the means of ironing them on the spot. While she was explaining this, a voice was heard outside, enquiring the way to town. Rattlin went to the entrance of the shed, and called out:—

"Bear down to the leward, gemmen; and when you get to yonder tall tree, tack to the larboard, and you'll be in a parallel latitude with the town."

"You give us our sailing direction like a seaman," said the querist, who, together with his companion, were two midshipmen belonging to a frigate lying in

* Vin de Cote is almost as cheap in the colonies as porter is in London.

port. They had been up the country, shooting; but, being no ornithologists, had shot at the first birds they came within distance of—these happened to be three turkey-buzzards, or tropical vultures, which are most useful birds; insomuch, that there is a heavy fine imposed on any one who destroys them, and, being protected by the law, their tameness is astonishing; of this, the middies were not aware, and, bagged their carrion carcasses as excellent game.

"You give us sailing directions like a seaman." Jack replied that, until lately, he had been in the merchant-service; but that at present, he was without a ship.

"A good-looking lad like you," replied the midshipman, "should never need be in want of a ship, while his majesty's navy requires hands. Why don't you volunteer on board our frigate, the Bull-Dog?"

Jack held down his head, brushed his napless hat, with his ragged jacket sleeve, and with a scrape of his left leg, that he intended for a bow, said, "He would be glad to volunteer, if any one would press him;" for, like many more sailors, he conceived it more degrading to enter freely on board a man-o'-war than to be impressed. The midshipmen smiled; and one of them said:—

"Well, Jack (he hit on his name by chance,) since you appear to wish it, I'll press you." This settled, Rattlin took leave of his generous hostess.

"But, before I go, lass, tell me your name."

"Nancy, Sir."

"Nancy what?"

"My mistress' name is Worthy; and I call my second name after her."

"Nancy Worthy!—can either of you gemmen lend me a pencil and a piece of paper?—and, as my hand is rather better used to the marlinspike than the pen, I'll thank you, Sir, to write down, 'Nancy Worthy,' for me; for, when I gets on board, I mean to mark it on my arm with Indigo and gunpowder. But what's the use of a man writing the name of a good friend on the skin, when it is written already by gratitude here?" said the seaman, placing his hand on his breast.

"My good fellow, you are quite sentimental!" said one of the midshipmen.

"Sentry—sentrymental! Oh no, your honor; I never stood sentry, or served as a marine, in all my life. I am a seaman as can hand, reef, steer, sound, and mend sails; aye, I even know how to take a meridian altitude; only the numbers and round o's puzzle me a bit in the working of it—but all is as one for that: the officer to his quadrant, the boatswain to his call, and the quartermaster to his helm. Good bye, my kind lass! He who rules aloft will mark your goodness to a poor friendless seaman. Good bye!"

"God bless you, massa!" said the kind-hearted girl, whimpering at Jack's address. "I'm sure you come back."

"How are you sure of that, my lass?"

"Because you ha' eat cascadores," she replied; alluding to a common superstition of the Island, which many believe, that any one who eats of the cascadores (mailed fish,) and quits it, will return.

"Good bye, massa! I wish you may kill plenty rascal Frenchmen," she added; for poor Nancy, like most English colonial slaves, had a great hatred to the enemies of Britain. It is a fact that, when Sir Ralph Abercrombie made a descent upon this island, much of the success of his enterprise was owing to the good-

was with her, and as she stepped into the boat, a trembling, caressing girl clung to her, and a soft voice whispered in her ear. "My sister! whither thou goest, I will go; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God."

A TALE OF A TAR.

"AVAST THERE!—Haul taut the slack of your jaws, you niggers!" was the polite hint given by Jack Rattlin to two or three score of brown and sable laundresses, who had set up their pipes to the annoyance of the poor tar. He had been employed on-board a West India man; but a few days previous to his ship's sailing, he was attacked by that inflammatory disease known by the name of the "yellow fever." Having been brought on shore for medical advice, and his case appearing desperate, the ship sailed without him. The captain, who was part owner, little to his credit, left but a scanty supply of money in the hands of a poor *mustif** woman, in whose house Jack was lodged, declaring that, as small as the sum was, it exceeded his wages! This lasted but a few days, and when it was exhausted his kind landlady supplied him with most of the necessaries his forlorn situation required, waiting upon him as nurse with as much care as though he were her son. Nor did his physician neglect him because he saw no prospect of being paid; on the contrary, had he been the governor of the island he could not have been better attended by Dr. C., who not only made his visits gratuitous, but brought him medicine, wine, and other things necessary for his sustenance. This, most will think, was only performing an act of humanity; but of all men I ever had an intercourse with, West India physicians, generally speaking, are the most charitable. The professors of the healing art of Europe, I doubt not, deserve as warm an elogium; those of the Antilles, I know, merit it. But to my story:—

Rattlin, being of rather a spare habit recovered from his fever, and as soon as he was strong enough, got employ in the coasting-trade. The drogher, on board which he sailed, belonged to a negro slave, who, like most persons in his situation, when "dressed in a little brief authority," tyrannize most cruelly over the unfortunate sailor. This he bore patiently until he saved a few dollars to pay his benevolent hostess; when he discharged himself, and went on board to fetch his chest.

"Wha' you want on board my 'cooner, you dam whitecockroach, after you discharge me from your employer?" said the slave tyrant who owned the vessel. Jack answered mildly, that he had come for his chest.

"An' wha' for you no pull off your hat to me, 'board my own vessel; tho' you been da sea all you life, you hab no more manners dan quankt in a wood; I hab a mind for gie you one lick da shall send you in a sea to mak' nyam (food) for shark," said the black petty tyrant, putting himself in a threatening attitude.

"Look you, shipmate," said Jack; "I've borne your slack jaw all this time because you were the skipper and owner of this here craft; but if you give me any more of your palaver, I'll soon have both your eyes into one;" displaying what our negroes call "two man-o'-war dumplings," whose appearance seemed to indicate that they would not sit light on the slave captain's stomach. So the latter appeared to think, for

* The descendant of a mulatta by a white father.

† Quank the musk-hog.

his manner all at once changed to extreme civility, and he tried to persuade Rattlin that he was only jesting. Jack's anger was immediately appeased; and with the frankness of a British seaman instantly gave him his hand, and they parted on good terms.

His next care was to look out for employment; but as his stock of clean apparel was exhausted, and he had no money, he did not wish to go on board any vessel without that appearance of neatness for which an English sailor so much prides himself; these circumstances made him determine on washing a pair of his trousers himself, a job which sailors are in the practice of doing on ship-board. To accomplish this, he went about half a mile from the suburbs of the town, and commenced operations beside a stream (for washing-tubs are here unknown,) wherein, and on the banks of which, stood some fifty or sixty yellow and dingy laundresses, thumping away with their beatles at the apparel of the inhabitants of the town. These ladies were shocked and scandalized at seeing a man attempting what they conceived to be their peculiar calling and accordingly commenced a violent set of *philippics* against the unfortunate sailor. All the terms of reprobation in their language, English, French, Spanish, were exhausted by those dark declaimers, who may be classed among the most accomplished female orators in existence.

These diatribes were pouring out against him when he exclaimed, "Avast there—haul taut the slack of your jaws, or clap a tomkin on your muzzle, for your tongues are running fourteen knots an hour, spinning a yarn with your double Dutch coiled against the sun; what tho' I be a poor sailor, and am obliged to scrub my own trousers, because, d'yee see, I am hard up in the clinch, without never a knife to cut the seizing. I desire none of these here black squalls."

Of this speech the sooty laundresses scarcely understood one word; they knew it was in reply to their tirades, and concluded, naturally enough, that he was paying them back in their own coin; as often, when spoken to in a language they do not understand, they conceive they are abused, or as they call it, "cursed." Jack's reply drew many a severe rejoinder from the saible ladies.

"Look he yle (look at his eyes,) dem like two dollar," said one.

"And him nose, like one two-barrel pistol," said another.

A French negress exclaimed, "Gardez le t le pas becca! le matelot!" That is, "look at him! he is not a white man, he is only a sailor!" For the French negroes never class sailors and soldiers as "beogees" (white men.*)

"Why you buse poor sailor, 'cause him 'bliged for wash him own trousers, for? You no hab pity him—you no saby (know) 'spose him hab mother, wife, or sister, such a handsome buckra neber hab for wash him own clothes," said a mild-looking mulatto girl; and the appeal to the sable damsels had the effect of silencing their din. She added, addressing herself to Jack:—

"Neber mind dem, massa, dem foolish too much; go in dat shed yonder, sit down, and I go wash your trousers."

"Thank'ee, my good blackee," said the sailor, "I can scrub them myself, because I'm used to it; besides I've got no money, to pay you my lass."

* The French negro word *begue* and English term *buckee* are perhaps both corruption from the Spanish *blancos*.

The girl informed him that she required no payment; that she would conceive it a favor if he would allow her to perform the proposed trifling service, as those employed in washing were a little piqued at seeing a man rivalling them at what they conceived was their sex's employment. This was spoken, not in the most eloquent language, it is true, but with perfect politeness; for she possessed what was the first requisite of genuine politeness, namely, a kind heart and good sense.

The offer of Nancy was excepted by Rattlin, who retired to an *ajapa* (a shed.) The girl finished her voluntary work, and hung the habiliments on a bamboo to dry; this a tropical mid-day sun and a breeze that proceeded from the neighboring mountains, shortly accomplished; but in the interim, Nancy came into the *ajapa*, and entered into conversation with the sailor.

"How do all the people do in England, massa?" said the brown damsel. This is a friendly sort of interrogative generally asked of new comers from "*Home*," as Creoles call Britain. Jack had been long enough in the West Indies to understand the question, which was however, too comprehensive for him immediately to reply to. After a pause, he answered:

"Why, since the war, seamen's wages have been 310s. out of England, my lass."

"Me mean, how you famby, you father and mother do?" said the mulatress.

"I have neither father nor mother," said the marinier; "they died ever since I first went to sea, which was when I was a little boy."

"Me sposed you no hab mother, or you no 'blige for wash your own clothes; but neber mind, poor massa, luck go change, and you go get plenty money. But wha' can I do to 'muse (amuse) you, till you trouzers dry?—Yes, I go make one little dinna ge (for) you."

Rattlin, though not a man of keen penetration, had the sense to comprehend this delicate and hospitable proposal; and the state of his appetite and purse induced him to accede to it. In a few minutes, Nancy spread a little table with a clothe as white as snow, on which she laid a cake of cassava, a wholesome kind of food (extracted from a root, which in its natural state, is a deadly poison,) some pounded plaintains, fried eggs, a dish of *cascadorees* (small delicious kind of river fish,) and by way of beverage, a jug of water, a bottle of syrup, and some weak claret.* The viands, though her common fare, Jack surveyed as luxuries; but he could not prevail on his humane hostess to sit down and partake of them with him. No; she knew he was *but* a poor sailor, but yet he was a WHITE MAN;—consequently, she conceived him her superior: so that all he could say or do, could not induce her to join him in his repast. His meal being ended, Nancy brought him his trousers. She had smoothed them, but regretted that she had not the means of ironing them on the spot. While she was explaining this, a voice was heard outside, enquiring the way to town. Rattlin went to the entrance of the shed, and called out:—

"Bear down to the leward, gemmen; and when you get to yonder tall tree, tack to the larboard, and you'll be in a parallel latitude with the town."

"You give us our sailing direction like a seaman," said the querist, who, together with his companion, were two midshipmen belonging to a frigate lying in

* Vin de Cote is almost as cheap in the colonies as porter is in London.

port. They had been up the country, shooting; but, being no ornithologists, had shot at the first birds they came within distance of—these happened to be three turkey-buzzards, or tropical vultures, which are most useful birds; insomuch, that there is heavy fine imposed on any one who destroys them, and, being protected by the law, their tameness is astonishing; of this, the middies were not aware, and, bagged their carrion carcasses as excellent game.

"You give us sailing directions like a seaman." Jack replied that, until lately, he had been in the merchant-service; but that at present, he was without a ship.

"A good-looking lad like you," replied the midshipman, "should never need be in want of a ship, while his majesty's navy requires hands. Why don't you volunteer on board our frigate, the Bull-Dog?"

Jack held down his head, brushed his napless hat with his ragged jacket sleeve, and with a scrape of his left leg, that he intended for bow, said, "He would be glad to volunteer, if any one would press him;" for, like many more sailors, he conceived it more degrading to enter freely on board a man-o'-war than to be impressed. The midshipmen smiled; and one of them said:—

"Well, Jack (he hit on his name by chance,) since you appear to wish it, I'll press you." This settled, Rattlin took leave of his generous hostess.

"But, before I go, lass, tell me your name."

"Nancy, Sir."

"Nancy what?"

"My mistress' name is Worthy; and I call my second name after her."

"Nancy Worthy!—can either of you gemmen lend me a pencil and a piece of paper?—and, as my hand is rather better used to the marlinspike than the pen, I'll thank you, Sir, to write down, 'Nancy Worthy,' for me; for, when I gets on board, I mean to mark it on my arm with indigo and gunpowder. But what's the use of a man writing the name of a good friend on the skin, when it is written already by gratitude here?" said the seaman, placing his hand on his breast.

"My good fellow, you are quite sentimental!" said one of the midshipmen.

"Sentry—sentrymental! Oh no, your honor; I never stood sentry, or served as a marine, in all my life. I am a seaman as can hand, reef, steer, sound, and mend sails; ay, I even know how to take a meridian altitude; only the numbers and round o' puzzle me bit in the working of it—but all is as one for that: the officer to his quadrant, the boatswain to his call, and the quartermaster to his helm. Good bye, my kind lass! He who rules aloft will mark your goodness to a poor friendless seaman. Good bye!"

"God bless you, massa!" said the kind-hearted girl, whimpering at Jack's address. "I'm sure you come back."

"How are you sure of that, my lass?"

"Because you ha' eat cascadoroes," she replied; alluding to a common superstition of the Island, which many believe, that any one who eats of the cascadoroes (mailed fish,) and quits it, will return.

"Good bye, massa! I wish you may kill plenty rascal Frenchmen," she added; for poor Nancy, like most English colonial slaves, had a great hatred to the enemies of Britain. It is a fact that, when Sir Ralph Abercrombie made a descent upon this island, much of the success of his enterprise was owing to the good-

guidance, and, accurate information he obtained from an English negro, named Sharper.

The parties left the hut—Nancy to her work; the midshipmen to carry their game to a gig waiting for them; and Jack to the same boat, to ask one of his future shipmates to help him down to the wharf with his chest.

Some years after this little event, and when Nancy had nearly forgotten it, her mistress was sitting in a kind of gallery, over a piazza, when in ran Buonaparte, a little deformed nego, and what is called "a pet" of his mistress; for Creole ladies often select from amongst their young domestics the ugliest they can find for their favorites, and allow it far more liberties than the spoilt son and heir of most European families. This urchin came in, and bawled out:—

"Missis, missis, there is a sailor abottom (below) asking for you."

"A sailor," said Mrs. Worthy, "what can he want with me?"

"Me no know; but he hab *ribbin* round him neck, and a whistle tied to it. I axed him to gl' it to me; but he no been gl' me."

"Show him in."

The black dwarf "vanished" and ushered in a good-looking sailor, clad in neat, white drill trowsers, fringed with blue, a white cotton jacket with blue cuffs and collar, and white shirt, tastefully braided with a kind of blue cord; a black silk handkerchief was loosely thrown round his neck, and fastened to the edges of the opening of his shirt with blue tape; a silver call, or whistle, was suspended from his neck by a ribbon; a narrow rimmed Panama hat, blue striped stockings, and long-quartered pumps, completed his equipment, which set off to advantage a handsome, though rather weather-beaten countenance, and a good figure, and withal accorded with his profession and the climate. The crooked urchin eyed him with some curiosity, not unmixed with childish fear. At first, he ran behind his mistress, and partly held her grown before him, while he stole a glance at the sailor; but his appearance soon made so favorable an impression upon the black letter of humanity that he ran between his legs, and put forth all his strength to lift one of them off the ground, exclaiming—

"How de', massa sailor?!"

"Come here, you imp of darkness! said his mistress; "Is that your manners?!"

"Have you any business with me, my good man?" asked Mrs. Worthy.

"The sailor doused his Panama, made his best quarter-deck bow, and said:—

"I axes your pardon, ma'am but is your name Worthy?"

"It is Sir."

"Hadn't you a slave-girl, a yellow neger called Nancy?!"

"I have her still."

"Please ma'am, I want's to buy her." Mrs. Worthy was not a little astonished at the abruptness of the proposal.

"My good friend," said she, "if I wished to dispose of any of my slaves, Nancy is the last I would part with: she is the best conducted domestic I ever owned; but I hope never to sell any. I am a widow without children; and such of my servants as behave well to me during my life, shall never serve master or mis-

tress after I am gone. I will bequeath them their freedom."

"God bless you, ma'am, for it—that's what I call acting like a Christian."

"But, tell me, what can a man in your line of life want with a slave?!"

"Why, ma'am, I don't want Nancy as a slave, I wishes to buy her discharge."

"What can make you wish to do that?" said Mrs. Worthy, whose curiosity began to be excited.

Jack, who was not much of an orator, told as briefly as he could how poor Nancy had befriended him in his misfortunes; he also related his adventures after he entered on board his Majesty's frigate the Bull-Dog; how he had been fortunate enough to be promoted after ten years' service to the rank of boatswain. He told her that lately the Bull-Dog had taken three rich prizes out of Guadaloupe.

"And so you see, ma'am," said Jack, "we drew a good part of our prize money from the navy agents at Barbadoes; and as Nancy knew I must pass again through the Bocas,* because, do you see, I ate *cask o' dollars*, as she cal'd them. 'So,' says I to myself, I says, 'I may as well save my money as join the lads of our ship in their larks of frying watches!'"

"Frying watches!" ejaculated Mrs. Worthy.

"Yes ma'am, in Carlisle Bay they broke up and fried two or three hundred watches in frying-pans that they bought in Bridge Town and a good many of them are bank-notes between *soft jack* (bread and butter); but I saved all my dollars, joes, and doubloons, 'because,' says I, 'I must pay my doctor and the old woman in Trinidad; besides, I'll see if I've enough left to buy poor Nancy.' Now I find old Sall is dead, she has took care of me when I was sick with the yellow fever; and as to Dr. C——, he would not touch a dollar, but squeezing my hand, said I was an honest tar, and an honor to my country. Howsomever, that's neither here nor there. I'll cut my yarn short; indeed I'm sorry you won't sell Nancy; but since that's the case, I'll give her the money, and she may do what she likes with it. Could I see her ma'am?!"

"Mrs. Worthy sent the deformed boy to call Nancy, who happened to be a short distance from home. In the mean time she told Rattlin that, were she so inclined she could not keep Nancy in slavery if any one offered her value for her manumission. Such was the decree of the Spanish colonial law, at that time in force in the Island.

"However," she added, "it shall never be said of the widow of John Worthy, who was the kindest of masters, that any one had recourse to law to make her do justice to her slaves. I have frequently been offered 600 dollars for the girl Nancy, so well is she known for an excellent servant; but if you can give me 400 dollars she shall be free."

"I think I have about that're sum ma'am; let me see," said he, taking out a canvas purse pretty well filled with Spanish gold; "how many dollars is this worth?!" producing a doubloon.

"Sixteen," was the reply.

"Sixteen and sixteen"—he paused—"yes, is thirty-two; and what is this?!"

"A joe, eight dollars."

"Thank'e, ma'am—thirty-two and eight's—forty—no, I'm out in my dead reckoning—thirty and eight

* *Bocas* (mouths); the different entrances of the Gulf of Paria are so called.

makes—I axes your pardon, ma'am, but I wish you'd count these yellow boys for me; if they were all the same size I could manage them, but some are little and others big. I wish doubloons passed for ten dollars, and then I could manage to reckon them easy enough, as it would be all plain sailing."

She took the purse and counted twenty-six doubloons, a joe, and a two dollar piece. "There are twenty-six dollars over 400, and now, if you please, we'll send for Mr. Itchpalm, the lawer, to draw up the manumission,"

"No, no, ma'am," said Jack, "no landsharks for me;" for Jack, like most sailors, had an aversion to gentlemen of the profession; "besides," he added, "I've no time to stop, for the gig must be ashore by this; get the warrant of freedom made out yourself; I know by your good looks you wouldn't cheat a poor slave, or an honest sailor of the value of a bit of oakum."

"You are a generous man," said Mrs. Worthy, evidently pleased with the compliment, "and have too much honor yourself to suspect that others may want it; here, take back seven doubloons, and now I only accept half what I was offered for my Nancy, and about one-tenth of her value to me." She gave him the seven doubloons, when Nancy entered, and, without noticing the boatswain, inquired of her mistress if she was wanted.

"What, my old friend, Nance! doesn't thee know me?" The brunnete eyed him with some curiosity at first, then she seemed partially to recognize him. "I say, Nance, don't you recollect the poor sailor whose trousers you washed, and who you victualled when he was on short allowance?"

"Ah, is that you, master Jack! I'm really glad to see you for true!" exclaimed Nancy, while a tear gathered in her eye. "How you're altered! you look older, but much better: you dress very pretty," examining him from head to foot, "I knew you would come back; I am very glad to see you once more."

Rattlin grasped her hand, and placed in it the seven doubloons that her mistress had returned—"Here my lass, I've bought your freedom, and paid for you; here's part of the price your mistress wants me to give you."

Nancy at first looked astounded, and when recovered a little, showed as though she thought he was jesting. Her late mistress put an end to her incredulity by briefly informing her of the fact of Rattlin's assertion; when, overcome by her feelings, she let fall the money placed in her hands, burst into tears and would have sunk on the floor, but that Mrs. Worthy and her benefactor supported her.

"Oh, my dear mistress, and my dear master sailor, this is too much kindness to poor girl, only for doing what she ought for everybody! but God bless you—bless you!"

"Holla, boatswain! is that you! I've been looking for you this half an hour; there's a signal for all hands to repair on board. But I'm sorry to spoil a scene—" said a voice in the street. Jack looked out from the gallery, and saw his lieutenant below; the same gentleman who, when a midshipman, induced Rattlin to enter on board the Bull Dog.

"Ay, ay, Lieutenant Quadrant, I'll be on the wharf before the boat can hoist her sail. Good bye, God bless you! I shall never see you any more, but I shan't forget you; and when you say your prayers, put up a

word or two by way of petition for poor Jack Rattlin!"

The boatswain then quitted the gallery, hastened to the wharf, and got on board, where his late grateful act was told much to his advantage, and got him into general favor with both officers and men. Mrs. Worthy instantly legally manumitted Nancy; the latter, however, would not quit her "old" mistress, by whom she was reared from childhood, but remained with her as an humble friend to the day of her death. She never prayed without interceding for her benefactors. Her prayers seemed to be efficacious, for within month the Bull Dog, cruising off Porto Cabello, took an immensely rich prize; and after that, sailing through the Caribbean Isles, they took three other vessels. Jack, whilst amassing money to manumit the mulatto girl, had learned prudence, so that he saved the whole of his money; and being wounded while cutting out a merchantman from under the batteries of St. Pierre, Martinique, he obtained a pension, which together with his savings, rendered his circumstances easy for life.

SONNET FOR JANUARY.

GATE of the year! where wouldst thou lead us now?
On still through Winter's path?—or wilt, ere long,
Thaw the cold icicles that point thy brow,
And wend us to a way of woodland song
And Spring-time flower-embroidered road of light?
Art thou like Susa's portals, which disclose,
Unto the Alpine traveler, the sight,
All suddenly, of fair Italia's rose,
And vine, and honeysuckle interlaced?
Or has December left a will behind
That thou shouldst on perpetuate his snows,
And make the year, like that he left, a waste?
Is not young Spring a woer soft and kind—
Wilt not for her thy rigid locks unbind?

ANESQUETTE;

A STORY OF THE VALLEY D'ASPE.

BY LOUISA STUART COSTELLO.

THE valleys of the Pyrenees are each possessed of a separate charm—one being distinguished from the other by some peculiar feature. Thus the Valley d'Aspe has characteristics which render it unlike that of Ossau, although, in point of beauty, they are the same.

From the high terrace of the fine, boldly situated town of Oleron, a range of snow-covered mountains, starting in their vicinity, disclose a new region, the entrance to which is by an opening at the extremity of a fertile and smiling plain. As soon as the traveler has entered this gorge, he finds himself between high hills covered with verdure and foliage for some distance; as he continues to ascend, the hills rise and begin to assume a more savage aspect, while the hoarse voice of the rushing torrent at their base becomes more hollow, and its course more impudent and wild. This beautiful mountain stream is called the Gave d'Oleron, and is here very wide and full, although the rocks which impede its course prevent it from showing itself in such breadth as at the town from which it takes its name, beneath whose walls it joins its brother torrent, arrived from the heights of Gabas, as green and clear and sparkling as itself.

The color of these waters is quite enchanting to the eye: nothing can exceed the brilliancy and purity of the soft green hue which tinges them as they pour

over the gray rocks in foaming cascades, while here and there, as they lie comparatively quiet in little lakes, between the stony ramparts which hem them in, their tint is that of the deepest and richest emerald. Every step down this delicious valley shows new beauties, and still the charming Gave keeps up its eternal animation.

When summer is in its prime, nothing can be conceived more exquisite than the plain of Bedous, which lies, a piece of table land as it were, in the midst of the rugged passes which lead from it on one side toward Ploron and the Pas Basque, and on the other to Saragossa, and the Spanish wilds beyond. Bedous is now an insignificant village at the extremity of the gorge over which the snowy mountains frown, and overhang it so close that every winter threatens to overwhelm its churches and houses in ruin; but just in the centre of the luxuriant lawn, and meadows, and corn-fields which fill up the space between, stands the once important and still metropolitan town of Accous, celebrated above all other attractions, as the birthplace of the poet Despourrins, the Virgil of the Valley d'Aspe, whose songs are sung by every shepherd of the Pyrenees, and whose fame will never die, at least there.

At some little distance from Accous, concealed among the mountains, lies the romantic village of Aydious, which peeps forth from its elevated position like a dove's nest amid a grove of pines. Here, in this secluded spot, lived a widow, with an only daughter, called by all her neighbors by the diminutive of Anesquette, for she was like the lambs she tended in gentleness, gayety, and the beauty. She had never been into any of the villages or towns which border the Gave, and only led her flock to the high hills immediately above Aydious. She had heard that there was a world beyond, but she knew it not, and the idea of extending her wanderings as far as Bedous, appeared to her a thing not to be attempted. Occasionally she looked down from the mountain above Accous, and beheld the spire and tower of its fine church with great awe, and its crowding houses with almost a shudder, rejoicing that it was not her fate to breathe the air of so pent-up a place. There was a town whose renown had reached her, but its fame was of so doubtful a nature, that she almost shrank from the knowledge of its existence. This was Lescun, situated high up in the mountains far away from the main path through the valley, and only reached by a perilous ascent, by roaring cataracts, and through gorges of rock of terrible height, whose shapes were so strange and menacing, that it seemed as if they were the forms of evil spirits turned into stone, and only awaiting a signal to start out on the unwary wanderer. It was not, however, the rugged aspect of this retreat which was its most revolting feature; those who inhabited it were said to be persons without goodness, religion or mercy; they were held in abhorrence by all, and feared as much as they were hated. It was more than suspected that they lived chiefly by contraband trade; and the only crimes that had ever been heard of in the valley, had their seat in that abode reprobated by all honest and well-thinking persons.

The inhabitants of Lescun, however, concerned themselves but little about the opinion of their neighbors: they were very rich, and were content, provided they evaded the officers of excise, who kept but a careless watch on the frontier, and were not too acute in

their scrutiny of the apparently tired travelers, who, arriving from Spain by Urdos, took their way down the valley and struck suddenly off, by almost impracticable paths, to the unseen village, where their toils were ended for the time, and where they rejoiced over the gains which their last trip into Spain had procured them, displaying the merchandize which they had successfully smuggled into France in exchange for that they had carried with them.

However suspicious the characters of the natives of Lescun might be, their reputation for wealth procured them a certain degree of respect from those of the lower towns in the valley engaged in trade, although, in so simple a village as Aydious, they were looked upon as persons to avoid. The mother of Anesquette had a brother, whose business flourished in Accous, and who might be considered a man of the world, for he was frequently obliged to make journeys as far as Oleron itself, to dispose of the wool in which he dealt; he was accustomed to pay visits, rare, but welcome, to his widowed sister; and after an interval of more than a year, one fine summer's evening he climbed the steep hills which separated their abode, and arrived at the cottage where Anesquette's mother was seated outside spinning with great diligence, her eyes occasionally turned toward a mountain path by which her daughter was accustomed to descend when the shades of night were beginning to fall.

M. Galabin was received with open arms by the widow, who instantly commenced regretting the absence of Anesquette, who was, she said, later than usual that night, but would not now be many minutes before she arrived.

"My young friend, the son of Jean Escura," said M. Galabin, as he introduced a companion, "will, I am sure, not grudge going to the top of the hill to look for my pretty niece; for my time is but short, and I cannot afford to miss her society."

The young man appealed to instantly professed his willingness to go in search of the shepherdess, and his eyes sparkled as he bounded off on his agreeable errand.

"How fortunate!" said he to himself; "I shall at length see this beauty about whom there is so much talk at Accous—they say she is far more beautiful than any girl in the valley. I wonder if she is better looking than Jeannette."

He had not long to speculate, for at a turn of the path, just crossing a little bridge over a rushing stream, he saw before him her whom he sought; but few persons had beheld her as he then did, for perhaps it was the first time in her life that she had been agitated by anger or terror. She was running at full speed, her fine hair flying wildly from beneath the bright tinted handkerchief which bound her head, her color heightened, and her eyes flashing with excitement. When she saw the young man who was sent to seek her, she increased her pace, as if she at once guessed his errand; and the moment she reached the spot where he stood, she uttered an exclamation of pleasure, and stopped to take breath. As she did so, young Escura gazed upon her with astonished admiration, and the parallel of the beauty of his acquaintance Jeannette with hers never occurred to his mind, for it even appeared to him that an angel would be unworthy to compare to her. She wore the costume of her mountains, which is peculiarly becoming, consisting of a dark green petticoat and black velvet bodice and jac-

ket laced with scarlet, a white stomacher, and long sleeves ornamented with bright buttons at the wrists: a handkerchief of many colors on her head, fantastically tied, over which a scarlet peaked hood was generally thrown, but now hung behind at her back. Her pretty little feet were bare, but a scarlet frill adorned the dark leggins which reached to her ankles.

After a few moments' pause, during which she turned a frightened look toward the way she had come, Anesquette acknowledged the courtesy of young Escura, who stood with his brown berret in his hand, as if awaiting her pleasure.

"I am sure," said she, "that you are a friend; do you not come from my mother?"

As she spoke, she turned on him a pleased look, accompanied with a smile which completed the fascination. He explained the object of his coming, "to hasten her return."

"Oh," cried she, "I should have long since returned, but I have been strangely frightened; however, now you are with me, I can go back without fear and fetch my flock."

These words were charming to the ear of the young man, for they at once associated him with herself, asked his protection, and placed him in her confidence.

"Has any one dared to frighten you?" exclaimed he, his color rising as he spoke.

"I know not who it was," replied Anesquette, "but I do not doubt he must have come from Lescun, where all bad people live. He is a tall, dark man, with very black eyes, and he darted suddenly out from behind the rocks above there, startling me very much. I thought, however, he would pass on, but he approached and insisted on my staying to hear what he had to say. He told me he had watched me for some time, and that it was no use my flying away, as he wished to relate to me something very particular. He tried to detain me, but I would not stay; and at last, when I ran from him, he pursued me with strange words, and I quite lost my presence of mind, and was hurrying down to the village as fast as possible to escape him, when happily I met you. Perhaps," she added, smiling, "I was foolish to be so terrified; but it is getting late, and he had such a strange unearthly look, that I could not but think of the giant of the Pic d'Anie, who, you know, is known to come down from his garden at the top of the mountain, and is said to carry off young maidens and sometimes their lambs together."

Escura walked on with an agitated step, and in no very agreeable mood, in hopes of finding the intruder who had terrified his beautiful charge, but there were now no symptoms of his appearing again, nor had he left any trace of his presence. The flock was gathered and penned for the night, and at length the pair descended the steep together to the cottage. Their long absence had increased the anxiety of the widow, and they were both hailed with embraces on the cause of their delay being recounted. It seemed as if a mutual understanding had immediately sprung up between each of the parties; and before they parted that night, they talked and laughed and related stories to each other as if they had been acquainted all their lives.

"I wonder who the fellow was who interrupted my niece," said Galabin to his young friend, as they went back to Accous; "perhaps she is not far wrong in imagining he came from Lescun, for they are sad set—the less they see of her the better. I care not much for their society myself, but in the way of trade

I am often obliged to deal with them, and indeed tomorrow I am forced to go there on account of traffic: this is between ourselves."

"Let me accompany you," said Escura suddenly, "as I am to be brought up to your trade, it is fit I should know something of its secrets; and I may besides be useful in case of your meeting with any awkward adventure."

Galabin did not oppose the young man's wish, and the next evening they set out together for the wild spot never sought openly by any of the inhabitants of the valley. As they proceeded, Galabin could not resist opening his mind to his young apprentice, for such Escura was, on a subject which was uppermost in his thoughts.

"I have been considering," said he, "that my niece Anesquette is very pretty and genteel, and it is a pity she should remain always shut up among these hills, without being seen by any one; why, such a face as that would make a fortune at court, and who knows but that she might make a conquest of some rich man, and be able to raise the family. My sister is poor, and by-and-by she may be entirely thrown on me, which would be inconvenient enough—whereas, if my niece marries well, what a difference it would make! I will tell you my idea. The man I am going to at Lescun is a Spaniard, long resident there; he has great wealth, and an only son, who will settle to no business, but is always roaming about the mountains, sometimes disappearing for weeks and months together, and annoying his father, who has a good fortune to give him, but has no pleasure in his society, and wants to marry him and make a home. He would then leave Lescun and settle at Accous, and enjoy the money he has amassed. Now, if this young man were to marry Anesquette—"

"How!" cried Escura, "would you give her to a dissolute, idle, perhaps wicked, man like this you speak of?"

"Oh, as for that," said Galabin, laughing, "all women must take their chance—he would be the same as another when once sobered down by matrimony; and then think what a match it would be—why his father has bags of gold uncounted."

Escura sighed, for he recollects that he was penniless, and his father a poor man, with nothing but industry to support himself and a large family. He sighed again, for he had heard something not unlike this before, when the merits of the young heiress of Accous, Jeanette, had been discussed in their family, and his mother had expressed her opinion, that if he followed up his advantage, he might one day call her his bride, for she evidently regarded him with no indifferent eye. Till he saw Anesquette he had listened with satisfaction to these speculations, but a change was now affected in his mind, and he had forgotten the existence of the heiress altogether.

The night was somewhat advanced when the travelers arrived at the door of Mendez' cottage, which was to be the end of their journey. M. Galabin knocked low and they were instantly admitted. Old Mendez, neither in his habitation nor appearance would have given a stranger any idea of wealth, for dirt and rags were alone conspicuous in his domicile. His sharp eyes twinkled when he recognized M. Galabin, but he looked suspiciously at his young companion.

"My apprentice," said the uncle of Anesquette, "who desired to make your acquaintance."

"And my son's, perhaps?" said the old man; "if he is fond of mischief, it will be a valuable one."

With this sneer he rose, and making a sign, left the apartment, followed by Galabin, who seemed to understand him well. Escura remained by the half-extinguished hearth, and fell into a train of reflection not peculiarly agreeable. He was shocked at the mercenary ideas expressed by his master, and the dealings he evidently carried on with smugglers, gave him no very exalted opinion of his probity. "Why not be content," he mused, "with moderate gains in an honest course of business?—no good can come of associating with men like this."

He heard, within, voices in low tones, speaking with earnestness, and the chink of money met his ear: presently Galabin reappeared, and with a somewhat agitated manner, told him, that his business was concluded. And, for certain reasons, it was necessary that they should return at once. "The truth is," said he, "I find that the famous band of brigands which used to infest these valleys, are expected to come back very soon: and, as I have a good deal of money about me, it will be safest for me to get home before they have scent of my visit here. A few stragglers of their party have been seen within a few days, and the rest will doubtless follow."

The pair accordingly set out on their return, though day had hardly broken; and a thick mist still enveloped the mountains. They hurried along by rugged paths by the side of a roaring stream, and had reached the spot where the cascade of Lescun foams and dashes from the projecting rocks, and leaps madly over all obstacles into the valley below, thundering as it goes. The lowering clouds almost concealed the gigantic head of the Pic d'Anie, but suddenly it became distinctly visible above the other peaks, and a flash of light seemed playing round it for a moment, as the veil of clouds was again drawn, and it appeared no more. "We shall have a storm," said Galabin, "this sky always portends one—we shall hardly reach Accous without it."

A low growl which seemed to rise from the caverns near answered this remark—suddenly a violent blast of wind came, roaring down the valley, making every tree and shrub tremble as they bowed to its fury; at the same moment a hoarse voice sounded in their ears, commanding them to stand, and they found themselves in the midst of a ferocious-looking group of armed men.

Escura and Galabin had neither of them the means of defence, but they did not abandon all chance of escape, for they might possibly by flight elude their enemies; and the thought instantly occurred to them. They were both well acquainted with the mountains, and trusted to their being more so than those who arrested their progress.

They were, therefore, in an instant flying for their lives, pursued by several of the band, and had gained considerable advantage of distance, when the robbers, finding it useless to expect to overtake them, had recourse to their carbines, and quietly marked their prey.

"These wretches," gasped Galabin, "are aware that I have received money from old Mendez. He told me his son was in Spain—the old traitor, no doubt, knew better. I am exhausted—they shall gain nothing by my death—take this purse, you are nimbler than I—fly, and save this at least."

He could say no more; but flung a heavy purse to

the young man, at a moment when a shot, well directed, struck him to the earth, and he fell bathed in blood; several of the robbers leaped from a height, and had nearly gained the spot. Escura saw that resistance was useless—that he could not succour his friend, and his only chance for life was to fly. Several shots were fired after him vainly; and, with the speed of an iard, he darted along, and by circuitous ways, at length reached in safety the village of Accous, where he hurried to the house of Galabin, and roused the neighbors—relating the mischance that had befallen him. After some delay, occasioned by their fears, the villagers at length set forth in a strong body; but all their search proved fruitless—they could not find the unfortunate man, nor was there any trace of the brigands to be discovered.

It was in the house of the village heiress, Jeannette, that a rumor took its rise fatal to the future destiny of poor Escura. This young woman was attached to the handsome young apprentice; and till he had met the beautiful Anesquette, he had apparently been sufficiently sensible of her charms. Not that she contemplated bestowing her hand and fortune on him; but her ambition was to hold him in her chains. Jealous and annoyed to find herself neglected, she first began to speak of Escura with contempt as a bad young man, whom she had rejected for his ill-conduct; and threw out hints that the death of Galabin might be traced to another source than that in which he had directed the attention of the inhabitants of Accous.

They had returned together from Lescun—there had been no brigands in the valley for a long time, and none had been seen since the event. It was true, Escura had given up a purse of gold which the dead man had, he said, entrusted to him; but might this not be a blind, and more be secreted.

By little and little these reports were repeated and commented on, until, at length they were believed, and poor Escura was an object of general suspicion.

The widowed mother of Anesquette shared in the general opinion, and lamented not only her brother's death, but joined in hatred of his supposed murderer. The only person who would not give credit to the falsehood, was the pretty shepherdess herself, who combatted with the greatest resolution all the accusations brought against him whom she loved the more, the more he was despised by others.

In the mean time everything went wrong with Escura. His house was burnt by lightning; his little vineyard destroyed by a hurricane when others escaped, and his small property ruined; his mother died and he found himself an outcast and destitute.

It was on a bright starlight night, in the same spot where he had first seen Anesquette by the little bridge over the Gave, that they parted.

"I am going," said he, "my beloved, to join the army of the first Consul, and if I live and return a rich man, I will claim the promise you have so generously given me. Who knows what two years may bring of good fortune—let us hope the best. I feel assured I shall not always suffer under this depression and ignominy, and we may yet be happy."

"I am confident of it," said Anesquette; "I had a dream, and saw you in it a great man in a splendid uniform mounted on a fine horse—you held in your hand a wedding-ring, and gave it me, and we went to church together. Let what will happen I will be yours"

—and only yours; and when you return in two years, you will find me the same or dead."

Escura had been gone from Accous for more than a year, when a young merchant from Lescun came to settle there. He was remarkably handsome and attractive, very rich, and carried on great dealings on the frontier. He knew the great world of France, and beyond it; for he could talk of foreign things, and amaze his hearers with his knowledge. It was thought that he intended to make an offer to Jeannette, who, since the departure of Escura, had been much changed, and had lost her former spirits and good looks. Both, however, revived on the appearance of the stranger, Valdez; and she danced with him at the fêtes, and walked with him by the banks of the Gave, and seemed quite to have forgotten her former passion.

But Valdez had been seen more than once climbing the steep hills where Aydious lay concealed in its mountain glen; for he secretly sought the acquaintance of the fair shepherdess, whose thoughts had never strayed from her unfortunate and absent lover.

Her mother encouraged the visits of the young Spaniard, whose wealth gave him great charms in her eyes, and she urged her daughter to look on him with less coldness; but Anesquette had imagined that she recognized in him the person who had terrified her on the first evening she had seen Escura; and though he denied ever having been in those parts before she had her secret opinion of him, and her aversion was not to be overcome.

The mother of Anesquette heard with mortification that preparations for the marriage of Jeannette with the handsome stranger were going on, and she blamed her daughter for throwing away so good a chance of a rich establishment. Valdez had even gone so far as to say, that he would at the last relinquish the hand of the heiress, if the penniless shepherdess would listen to his suit; but she was inflexible, and wept alone, chidden, unhappy, but ever faithful to her secret attachment.

Great was the pomp and gayety on the occasion of the projected marriage in the village of Accous; and when the wedding morning arrived, all the splendor of the valley was exhibited in honor of a more wealthy match than had ever taken place in the country. The morning rose brightly; but just as the bridal procession was crossing the square, in front of the church, a low growl of thunder was heard, and the clouds gathering over the sky, rendered the whole valley as dark as night.

"Alas!" said one of the guests, "this is a bad omen! The Giant of Anie is in wrath, and some evil will happen: some one has been in his garden and gathered a flower, and we shall have a fearful tempest."

"It is the 9th of the month," said another, "a fatal day for matrimony. And, above all, the 9th of May—*nous de Mai sont noces mortelles*."

At this moment a loud shriek was heard, and from the path of Aydious, a woman was seen hurrying along with gestures of despair. As she approached they recognized the mother of Anesquette, who, with frantic exclamations, informed them that her daughter had been forcibly carried off by strange men to the mountains, and she entreated the aid of the neighbors to pursue them, and if possible, recover her.

The bridegroom appeared much distressed, and exclaimed, that he would be the first, although it was his

wedding-day, to lead a party, and go in search of Anesquette. He begged the mother only to wait till the ceremony was over, and then, in spite of the anger and tears of his bride, he would set out.

He did so, and after an absence of several days, for he had gone alone into the mountains much further than any of his companions had ventured, who feared to enter the village of Lescun, Valdez came back moody and annoyed at the fruitlessness of his march.

Anesquette, in the meantime, was safe, but not where he had expected to find her, in his robber's cave, beyond Urdos, where, in an almost inaccessible pass, the band of which the son of Mendez was the captain, held their meetings. She had been placed in a cell scooped in a rock, which seemed sufficiently secure, and had there been left by her captors, till their master arriving she was to be delivered to him. Fainting and exhausted as she was, they anticipated no escape on her part, nor would it have been possible but for an accident.

Finding herself alone in this dim cavern, and dreading what her fate might be in the power of such men, she had first recommended herself to Heaven, and then climbed up to where a chink in the rock permitted a gleam of daylight to enter. She had just reached the ledge where this opening occurred, when, her foot slipping on the moist stone, she fell, and in doing so a large piece of rock gave way, and she was precipitated into a yawning gulf below. She lost all consciousness, and was only aware of having fallen to a great depth: she felt extreme pain in her limbs, but on rising and endeavoring to move, found herself uninjured and able to walk. She groped her way out of the darkness, and to her surprise found herself in a few moments in a meadow covered with flowers. The change was so great that she could hardly believe her senses, but remembering the possibility of pursuit, she hastened her steps, and traversing several fields, approached a farmhouse. Here she was hospitably received by the mistress; and while she remained with her she learned that the French army was victoriously marching in that direction from Saragossa, and was about to enter France by the pass of Urdos. A sudden thought took possession of her mind, and she resolved to implore the protection of the commander of the regiment which was in advance.

When the church of Accous was next adorned for a wedding, it was for that of the Colonel of the regiment chief favorite of the First Consul, one of the bravest and most successful soldiers of the French army. He led to the altar the beautiful Anesquette, whose smiles and happiness told that she had no regret for a former lover, whom, however, she had not deserted; for young Escura, the suspected and persecuted apprentice of Galabin, was the gay soldier who held her hand and called her his wife on that day, exactly two years from the time of parting.

Amongst the services which he did his country, not the least was that of having discovered the retreat of a noted set of brigands in the mountains, of having cleared Lescun of many suspected characters, and of having caused the apprehension and execution of the captain and several of his band, who confessed the murder of Galabin before their death.

Jeannette, the heiress, wore weeds for some time after this, and the young merchant Valdez was never afterwards seen in Accous; though no one ventured to ask her what had become of her husband.

TO THE MAID I LOVE.

BY SEBASTIAN SALADE.

WHEN Adam from his sleep awoke,
Oh, what intense delight
Like sunshine beamed upon his soul,
When Eve first met his sight.
But then the joy that Adam felt,
No more than equal'd mine,
When first, dear lady, I beheld
That pleasing face of thine.

One I might love, my fancy oft
Hath pictured to my mind;
But such amid the grave or gay
I've striven in vain to find;
But fancy now may cease to paint
Her images for me;
That Nature's skill excelleth hers,
Is fairly proved in thee.

I saw thee, lady,—why I loved,
I cannot tell, or how;
I only know I loved thee then,
And that I love thee now.
And thou did'st love, nor did I need
Thy lips should tell me so;
Thine eyes with love's own language had
Told all I wish'd to know.

Thou art not near me now, I know,
And yet I see thee near;
Thy soft blue eyes I gaze upon,
Thy music voice I hear;
And as I trace each feeble line
Of tender thought for thee,
Oh what a kind—a loving smile
Methinks thou givest me.

The joys that most resemble those
That angels wish to know
The joys that most do satisfy,
Are surely found in love.
Well, then, I will thy Adam be,
And thou shalt be my Eve;
But in our Eden may there come
No serpent to deceive.

THE UNTIMELY JEST.

Mordaunt Ormesby had been the acknowledged lover of Cecilia Devenant for some months, and their union was only deferred until he should have taken orders. His fortune was considerable, and hers was very great, so that pecuniary considerations were of no weight with them. One evening I accidentally overheard a conversation between them, which gave me some painful doubts as to their future happiness. They had just returned from a walk, and as they seated themselves on the piazza, near the window where I was reading, Cecilia exclaimed in a half petulant tone.

"Really, Mordaunt, you have grown so stupid and dull lately, that you are absolutely tiresome—what is the matter with you?"

"Tiresome," returned he, in a tone of melancholy sweetness, which thrilled my heart, "tiresome even to you, Cecilia?"

"Oh! well, I didn't mean tiresome exactly; but what is the reason you are always so dull? I wish you loved mirth as well as I do."

"I am sorry you even indulge such a wish as that," said he gravely, "as you well know it is one which can never be gratified. I love to see you gay but certainly

Orginal.

never expect to possess such a frolicsome spirit myself."

"I declare I am absolutely afraid to talk to you, you take everything so seriously," returned she, "I once heard you call'd the knight of the rueful countenance, and I really believe you deserve the title."

This was touching Mordaunt in the tenderest point. His dread of ridicule rendered him tremblingly alive to such a remark.

"Pray who was witty enough to bestow such an appellation upon me?" inquired he in a tone of pique.

"There," said she laughing "didn't I tell you that you took everything too seriously; now you are vexed about that harmless jest?"

"Will you be so kind as to inform me the name of the person?" asked he, in the same tone of vexation.

"Oh, I forget," answered the heedless girl,—"Ned Willoughby, I believe."

I was about to start forward and repel the false acquisition, when Mordaunt replied.

"No, Cecilia, that I cannot credit; whoever it might be, I know it was not Edward. He has too much regard for me to wound my feelings by unmerited ridicule. I can easily believe that woman's affections are governed by caprice, but with man's nature I am better acquainted. You may be amused by a senseless jest even I am the subject of it; but Edward Willoughby would never heap ridicule upon his friend."

He spoke this in a tone of the deepest mortification, but she only laughed still more heartily. He rose hastily.

"Cecilia," said he, "I am not just now in the humor for merriment. If you will trouble yourself to recollect that on the coming Sabbath I am to preach my first sermon, you will probably understand the reason of my gravity. Allow me also to remind you that you have in your possession a manuscript which I wish to make use of on that occasion. As you probably have been too much occupied to pursue it, will you be kind enough to return it to me?"

"Oh, I cannot go for it now," said she carelessly, "I suppose it will be time enough to-morrow. I dare say you know it by heart already."

"I know somewhat too much by heart," muttered he. "I will send for it to-morrow." And before she could reply, he bade her good day and departed.

As soon as he was out of sight, I issued from my retreat.

"For Heaven's sake, Cecilia," said I, "take care what you are doing, I have overheard all your conversation; and, believe me, you are trifling with Mordaunt in a manner which you will repent."

She burst into an immoderate fit of laughter.

"Why, really sir, I thank you for advice, but I have seen him in such humor fifty times. He will come to-morrow and beg pardon for his ill humor. I will pout for a little while and then forgive him, and we shall be as good friends as ever."

In vain I remonstrated with her. The thoughtless girl had too often seen the power of her charms to doubt it now, and I left her with a painful presentiment evil upon my mind.

The next day was Saturday, and Mordaunt who was deeply impressed with the importance of the task he had undertaken, shut himself up in his room, and begged I would not interrupt him.

"Shall we go to Mr. Wilson's this evening?" said I.

"No, replied he, hastily; Cecilia's gayety is too op-

pressive sometimes, I have reflected upon the duty which I have to perform to-morrow, until I am unfit even for your society. My feelings are not in unison with her light and cheerful spirit."

In the evening I was admitted to his apartment and found him despatching a note to Cecilia, requesting the return of his manuscript. The messenger was delayed a long time, and finally returned without it, saying, "Miss Davenant was engaged with company, but would send the manuscript in the morning." Mordaunt bit his lip, and the flush of anger passed over his pale cheek as he dismissed the servant.

"Edward," he said, "I sometimes do not know what to think of Cecilia. She is so incorrigibly volatile that I frequently fancy we never can be happy together. Last week I gave her the sermon which I intended preaching to-morrow, with the request that she would read it and give me her opinion of it. Perhaps I asked too much from a gay and giddy girl; but she might at least have tried to comply with my wishes. I have in vain endeavored to obtain possession of it since, and I dare not trust myself in the pulpit without it: for although I am perfectly familiar with every line, yet I know my self-possession will fail me when I am compelled to address the audience."

I saw that Mordaunt's feelings were deeply wounded, and I in vain endeavored to soothe them. Though I was rather late, I went to Mr. Wilson's house in the hope of getting the manuscript, but Miss Davenant had retired to her apartment, and I returned unsuccessful.

The next morning, as soon as I thought Mordaunt would admit me, I sought his chamber. He was exceedingly pale, and I could easily discover that he was very much excited. About an hour before church service the manuscript arrived. Mordaunt opened it and after reading the first few pages, said,

"I have not time to overlook it. I believe I must trust my memory."

We went to the church together. An unusually large audience was assembled; and seated in the front pew directly below the pulpit, was the gayly attired and beautiful Cecilia. Mordaunt read the psalm in a low sweet voice, which, like the air, rather felt than heard, seemed to pervade every part of the building. The prayer which followed was one of the most affecting appeals to heaven that ever issued from the lips of mortal. When it was finished he sat with his face bent down between his hands, as if to recover strength for the more important task which now awaited him. At length he rose. His voice was exceedingly tremulous as he repeated the text which he had chosen, but in a few minutes his self-possession seemed to return and his manner, so firm, so dignified, and so impressive, gave new force to the truth which his eloquence had adorned. The attention of the audience was intently fixed upon the preacher as he proceeded to explain the disputed points of his subject, and he was gradually approaching that part of his discourse which is usually designated the practical application, when he suddenly paused. A deep silence and almost breathless attention denoted the interest of his hearers. Still the pause was unbroken. I looked at Mordaunt — his face was crimsoned with emotion. He appeared busily turning over the leaves of his manuscript as if in search of some connecting link which had been wanting. His search seemed in vain. His brow grew almost black with suppressed agitation. A slight titter began to be heard among the younger part of the

audience. Mordaunt was still silent. At length a laugh was distinctly heard from the pew which Cecilia occupied. Mordaunt bent over the pulpit and for a moment fixed a stern and wild gaze upon her. He in vain endeavored to speak. The words seemed to rattle in his throat, but he could form no articulate sound. He sat down. The more serious part of the audience remained in mute amazement, while the laugh had become almost universal among the young people. After the lapse of several minutes Mordaunt again arose, and in a low and hurried voice, muttered something about the loss of a part of his sermon, and hastily apologizing to the audience abruptly left the church. The confusion which followed can scarcely be conceived. I made my way to Cecilia as soon as possible. Her immoderate mirth convinced me that she knew more than any one else of the mystery. But I could get no information from her, and, disgusted at her heartlessness, I left her and hastened to Mordaunt. In vain I knocked at his door and implored to be admitted. He refused to allow me to see him. I could hear him pacing his apartment with steps that betrayed his agitation. But it was not until some hours had passed that I was allowed entrance. His face was dreadfully pale, his eyes blood shot, and his whole appearance was that of a man just recovering from an attack of epilepsy. The mystery was soon explained. In the anticipation of a frolic, Cecilia had cut out a leaf of the sermon. Taken completely by surprise, Mordaunt entirely lost his self-possession. In vain he endeavored to regain the thread of his discourse. Overwhelmed by mortification and anguish, (for he well knew that it could be ascribed to no hand but Cecilia's) he was unable to form a connecting link for his ideas, and the consequence was utter humiliation.

After a long and agitating conversation between us, he rose to seek Cecilia.

"Shall I accompany you?" said I.

"If you choose was the reply; "but remember, I must see her alone."

When we arrived at the house I took a seat on the piazza with Mary, while he, having requested a private interview with Miss Davenant, retired to the drawing-room.

What passed during the time they remained together I never heard. Mary and myself were completely engrossed in the discussion of the painful circumstances in which a thoughtless jest had placed both. I remarked with some surprise that Mary seemed much agitated and spoke of her cousin with a degree of severity very foreign to her usual sweetness and gentleness. For a moment a suspicion that Mordaunt might have found a more congenial spirit in her, crossed my mind, but the recollection of her uniform tranquillity during the progress of his love affairs with Cecilia, entirely destroyed the probability of it.

In a few minutes we heard a confused murmur from the room. The low and tremulous tones of Mordaunt's voice were distinctly heard, followed by the accents of depreciation and entreaty from the lips of Cecilia. By degrees the voices were raised. We heard Mordaunt utter these words:

"I have loved you as few men could love, as few women deserve to be loved; but in proportion to the strength of my affection, is now my hatred. I know that christian charity would condemn me for this, but I cannot help it. You have humbled me to the very

dust, trampled upon my feelings, ruined my prospects, and crushed my spirit beneath a weight of humiliation which can never be shaken off, and at this moment the poisoned adder is less loathsome to my sight than the vain and senseless being who could sacrifice her best affections to a senseless jest. Farewell."

In an instant he issued from the room and hastening down the steps of the piazza scarcely allowed me time to overtake him before he arrived at his own apartment. The next morning a note was handed me from Mordaunt, stating that he had quitted the country for ever. I hastened to his lodgings, but he left them at day-break taking with him all his baggage, and none knew his destination. What were the feelings of Cecilia at this unforeseen event, I never knew. She loved Mordaunt as well as such a gossamer spirit could love, but she probably soon forgot his loss and her folly. She immediately left Princeton, and in a few months afterwards I heard of her marriage with a southern planter.

Fifteen years passed away, during which time, being deeply engaged in professional duties, I heard nothing of my early friends. One afternoon conversing with a gentleman from England the discourse turned upon the popular preachers of the day. He mentioned one who had for some years attracted the largest audiences in London.

"One of your countrymen too," added he, "educated, I believe, at Princeton."

Feeling a vague sort of interest in his account, I asked the name of the popular preacher.

"His name is Ormesby."

Scarcely believing my own ears, I eagerly questioned him concerning his private history, and was told that he had taken up his abode in London about ten years since, had soon become very popular, had accepted a valuable gift of a Nobleman who was very much attached to him, and through whose means he had risen to the highest dignities of the church; that he had been married about five years to an American lady whom he had met with in London, and finally that he was living with great splendor, as much beloved for his virtues as honored for his talents.

As I was on the point of visiting England myself, I obtained Ormesby's address, and my first visit after my arrival in London was to him. He received me with the utmost affection, and introduced me with a smile to his wife, the identical Mary Wilson whom I had once known in Princeton. I learned from his own lips the particulars of his history. After he had been for some time established in London he accidentally encountered Mary Wilson, who, with her father, was traveling in search of that health which a hopeless love for Mordaunt had destroyed. He had by that time learned more of human nature, and he could not long have remained blind to Mary's partial regard. He offered his hand, and never had cause for one moment to repent his generosity. Though not warmly attached to her when he married, her sweetness of temper and tenderness had won his most devoted affections, and they were now completely happy. I ventured to ask about Cecilia. He smiled sadly.

"She is a widow, the mother of two destitute children," said he. "Her husband squandered away her fortune, treated her with the utmost harshness, and finally died of intemperance, leaving her without a friend or a shilling in the world. She is now an in-

mate of my house. Mary sent for her as soon as she heard of her misfortunes, and for the last two years she and her children have been members of my family."

The next day I dined with him and saw Cecilia. Her spirits were entirely gone, and when I contrasted the blooming appearance of the happy Mary with the faded and wretched countenance of her once brilliant cousin, I could not but feel that Cecilia had paid dearly for an *untimely jest*.

THE WIVES OF THE DEAD.

The following story, the simple and domestic incidents of which may be deemed scarcely worth relating, after such a lapse of time, awakened some degree of interest, a hundred years ago, in a principal seaport of the Bay Province. The twilight of an autumn day; a parlor on the second floor of a small house, plainly furnished, as beseemed the middling circumstances of its inhabitants, yet decorated with little curiosities from beyond the sea, and a few delicate specimens of Indian manufacture; these are the only particulars to be premised in regard to scene and season. Two young and comely women sat together by the fireside, nursing their mutual and peculiar sorrows. They were the recent brides of two brothers, a sailor and a landsman, and two successive days had brought tidings of the death of each, by the chances of Canadian warfare, and the tempestuous Atlantic. The universal sympathy excited by this bereavement, drew numerous condoling guests to the habitation of the windowed sisters. Several, among whom was the minister, had remained till the verge of evening; when one by one, whispering many comfortable passages of Scripture, that were answered by more abundant tears, they took their leave and departed to their own happier homes. The mourners, though not insensible to the kindness of their friends, had yearned to be left alone. United, as they had been, by the relationship of the living, and now more closely so by that of the dead, each felt as if whatever consolation her grief admitted, were to be found in the bosom of the other. They joined their hearts, and wept together silently. But after an hour of such indulgence, one of the sisters, all of whose emotions were influenced by her mild, quiet, yet not feeble character, began to recollect the precepts of resignation and endurance, which piety had taught her, when she did not think to need them. Her misfortune, besides, as earliest known, should earliest cease to interfere with her regular course of duties; accordingly, having placed the table before the fire, and arranged a frugal meal, she took the hand of her companion.

"Come, dearest sister; you have eaten not a morsel to day," she said, "arise I pray you, and let us ask a blessing on that which is provided for us."

Her sister-in-law was of a lively and irritable temperament, and the first pangs of her sorrow had been expressed by shrieks and passionate lamentations. She now shrunk from Mary's words, like a wounded sufferer from a hand that revives the throbs.

"There is no blessing left for me, neither will I ask it," cried Margaret, with a fresh burst of tears. "Would it were His will that I might never taste food more."

Yet she trembled at these rebellious expressions, almost as soon as they were uttered, and, by degrees, Mary succeeded in bringing her sister's mind nearer to the situation of her own. Time went on, and their

usual hour of repose arrived. The brothers and their brides, entering the married state with no more than the slender means which then sanctified such a step, had confederated themselves in one household, with equal rights to the parlor, and claiming exclusive privileges to two sleeping rooms contiguous to it. Thither the widowed ones retired, after heaping ashes upon the dying embers of their fire, and placing a lighted lamp upon the hearth. The doors of both chambers were left open, so that a part of the interior of each, and the beds with their unclosed curtains, were reciprocally visible. Sleep did not steal upon the sisters at one and the same time. Mary experienced the effect often consequent upon grief quietly borne, and soon sunk into temporary forgetfulness, while Margaret became more disturbed and feverish, in proportion as the night advanced with its deepest and stillest hours. She lay listening to the drops of rain, that came down in monotonous succession, unswayed by a breath of wind; and a nervous impulse continually caused her to lift her head from the pillow, and gaze into Mary's chamber and the intermediate apartment. The cold light of the lamp threw the shadows of the furniture against the wall, stamping them immovable there, except when they were shaken by a sudden flicker of the flame. Two vacant arm-chairs were in their old positions on opposite sides of the hearth, where the brothers had been wont to sit in young and laughing dignity, as heads of families; two humbler seats were near them, the true thrones of that little empire, where Mary and herself had exercised, in love, a power that love had won. The cheerful radiance of the fire had shone upon the happy circle, and the dead glimmer of the lamp might have befitted their re-union now. While Margaret groaned in bitterness, she heard a knock at the street-door. "How would my heart have leapt at that sound but yesterday!" said she, remembering the anxiety with which she had long awaited tidings from her husband. "I care not for it now; let them be gone, for I will not arise."

But even while a sort of childish fretfulness made her thus resolve, she was breathing hurriedly, and straining her ears to catch a repetition of the summons. It is difficult to be convinced of the death of one whom we have deemed another self. The knocking was now renewed in slow and regular strokes, apparently given with the soft end of a doubled fist, and was accompanied by words, faintly heard through several thicknesses of wall. Margaret looked to her sister's chamber, and beheld her still lying in the depths of sleep. She arose, placed her foot upon the floor, and slightly arrayed herself, trembling between fear and eagerness as she did so.

"Heaven help me!" sighed she. "I have nothing left to fear, and methinks I am ten times more a coward than ever."

Seizing the lamp from the hearth, she hastened to the window that overlooked the street-door. It was a lattice, turning upon hinges; and having thrown it back, she stretched her head a little way into the moist atmosphere. A lantern was reddening the front of the house, and melting its light in the neighboring puddles, while a deluge of darkness overwhelmed every other object. As the window grated on its hinges, a man in a broad brimmed hat and blanket-coat, stepped from under the shelter of the projecting story, and looked upward to discover whom his application had

aroused. Margaret knew him as a friendly innkeeper of the town.

"What would you have, goodman Parker?" cried the widow.

"Lack-a-day, is it you, mistress Margaret?" replied the innkeeper. "I was afraid it might be your sister Mary; for I hate to see a young woman in trouble, when I haven't a word of comfort to whisper her."

"For Heaven's sake, what news do you bring?" screamed Margaret.

"Why, there has been an express through the town within this half-hour," said goodman Parker, "traveling from the eastern jurisdiction with letters from the governor and council. He tarried at my house to refresh himself with a drop and a morsel, and I asked him what tidings on the frontiers. He tells me we had the better in the skirmish you wot of, and that thirteen men reported slain, are well and sound, and your husband among them. Besides, he is appointed of the escort to bring the captivated Frenchers and Indians home to the province jail. I judged you wouldn't mind being broke of your rest, and so I stopt over to tell you. Good night."

So saying, the honest man departed; and his lantern gleamed along the street, bringing to view indistinct shapes of things, and the fragments of a world, like order glimmering through chaos, or memory roaming over the past. But Margaret staid not to watch those picturesque effects. Joy flashed into her heart, and lighted it up at once, and breathless, and with winged steps, she flew to the bedside of the sister. She paused, however, at the door of the chamber, while a thought of pain broke in upon her.

"Poor Mary!" said she to herself. "Shall I waken her, to feel her sorrows sharpened by my happiness? No; I will keep it within my own bosom till the morrow."

She approached the bed to discover if Mary's sleep were peaceful. Her face was turned partly inward to the pillow, and had been hidden there to weep; but a look of motionless contentment, was now visible upon it, as if her heart like a deep lake, had grown calm because its dead had sunk down so far within. Happy is it, and strange, that the lighter sorrows are those from which dreams are chiefly fabricated. Margaret shrank from disturbing her sister-in-law, and felt as if her own better fortune, had rendered her involuntarily unfaithful, and as if altered and diminished affection must be the consequence of the disclosure she had to make. With a sudden step, she turned away. But joy could not long be repressed, even by circumstances that would have excited heavy grief at another moment. Her mind was thronged with delightful thoughts, till sleep stole on and transformed them to visions, more delightful and more wild, like the breath of winter, (but what a cold comparison!) working fantastic tracery upon a window.

When the night was far advanced, Mary awoke with a sudden start. A vivid dream had latterly involved her in its unreal life, of which, however, she could only remember that it had been broken in upon at the most interesting point. For a little time, slumber hung about her like a morning mist, hindering her from perceiving the distinct outline of her situation. She listened with imperfect consciousness to two or three volleys of a rapid and eager knocking, and first she deemed the noise a matter of course, like the breath

she drew; next, it appeared a thing in which she had no concern; and lastly, she became aware that it was a summons necessary to be obeyed. At the same moment, the pang of recollection darted into her mind; the pall of sleep was thrown back from the face of grief; the dim light of the chamber, and the objects therein revealed, had retained all her suspended ideas, and restored them as soon as she unclosed her eyes. Again, there was a quick peal upon the street-door. Fearing that her sister would also be disturbed, Mary wrapped herself in a cloak and hood, took the lamp from the hearth, and hastened to the window. By some accident, it had been left unhasped, and yielded easily to her hand.

"Who's there?" asked Mary, trembling as she looked forth.

The storm was over, and the moon was up; it shone upon broken clouds above, and below upon houses black with moisture, and upon little lakes of the fallen rains curling into silver beneath the quick enchantment of a breeze. A young man in a sailor's dress, wet as if he had come out of the depths of the sea, stood under the window. Mary recognized him as one whose livelihood was gained by short voyages along the coast; nor did she forget, that, previous to her marriage, he had been an unsuccessful wooer of her own.

"What do you seek here, Stephen?" said she.

"Cheer up, Mary, for I seek to comfort you," answered the rejected lover. "You must know I got home not ten minutes ago, and the first thing my good mother told me was the news about your husband. So, without saying a word to the old woman, I clapt on my hat, and ran out of the house. I couldn't have slept a wink before speaking to you, Mary, for the sake of old times."

"Stephen, I thought better of you!" exclaimed the widow, with gushing tears, and preparing to close the lattice; for she was no whit inclined to imitate the first wife of Zadig.

"But stop, and hear my story out," cried the young sailor. "I tell you we spoke a brig yesterday afternoon, bound in from Old England. And who do you think I saw standing on deck, well and hearty, only a bit thinner than he was five months ago?

Mary leaned from the window, but could not speak.

"Why, it was your husband himself," continued the generous seaman. "He and three others saved themselves on a spar, when the Blessing turned bottom upward. The brig will beat into the bay by daylight, with this wind, and you'll see him here to-morrow. There's the comfort I bring you, Mary, and so good night."

He hurried away, while Mary watched him with a doubt of waking reality, that seemed stronger or weaker as he alternately entered the shade of the houses, or emerged into the broad streaks of moonlight. Gradually, however, a blessed flood of conviction swelled into her heart, in strength enough to overwhelm her, had its increase been more abrupt. Her first impulse was to rouse her sister-in law, and communicate the new-born gladness. She opened the chamber-door, which had been closed in the course of the night, though not latched, advanced to the bedside, and was about to lay her hand upon the slumberer's shoulder. But then she remembered that Margaret would awake to thoughts of death and woe, rendered not the less bitter by their contrast with her own felicity. She suffered the rays of the lamp to fall upon the unconscious form

of the bereaved one. Margaret lay in unquiet sleep, and the drapery was displaced around her; her young cheek was rosy-tinted, and her lips half opened in a vivid smile; an expression of joy, debarred its passage by her sealed eyelids, struggled forth like incense from the whole countenance.

"My poor sister! you will waken too soon from that happy dream," thought Mary.

Before retiring, she set down the lamp and endeavored to arrange the bed-clothes, so that the chill air might not do harm to the feverish slumberer. But her hand trembled against Margaret's neck, a tear also fell upon her cheek, and she suddenly awoke.

GOSSIP WITH THE READER.

PLATES AGAIN.—Well, benevolent reader, have you missed our uniform for one week? Never mind—we have only been round among you incog. to hear what you said about us, and finding that you prefer plates and a cover, you shall have them, with all our heart. We shall, however, keep to our plan of publishing an edition for the country, at one dollar per annum without embellishment, which will form two very handsome volumes of choice tales, poetry and romance. If our country friends, however, prefer plates, they can have them by paying an extra dollar, being a dollar a volume. So, at any rate, we shall still cling to the idea of calling it a DOLLAR MAGAZINE—a dollar a year without plates, a dollar a volume with, to subscribers by mail.

DON QUIXOTE.—Who is there of our patrons that has not read this inimitable romance of Cervantes? Oh, the happy hours we have whiled away over its pages, almost forgetting the bustling world without! It has sprinkled diamonds of delight around many a youthful heart—ay, and many a manly one, too. Our plate this week is a chaste and sweet illustration of the effects of its mirth-warming, heart-easing sentiment. Behold what pleasure beams upon the countenances of the Duke and Duchess—conceive what a blending of mutual enjoyment. This celebrated Spanish author, Cervantes, or Michael de Cerventes Saavedra, died in the year 1616, at the age of sixty-seven.

THEATRES.—The Park closed for the season on the 18th instant, and the company dispersed in all directions. We have heard something said of Mr. Barry's returning to England. Not for good, we hope? So gentlemanly and accomplished a member of a much abused profession cannot well be spared from among us. We shall miss a friend whom we always greet with pleasure. However, if he must go, prosperity and honor attend him. Welch's circus opens at this house on the 20th inst. with a magnificent corps of performers. They will hold possession six weeks, and then give way for the legitimate again. Let us wait and see how Mr. Simpson will open his next campaign. At the Bouery they have produced the Battle of Austerlitz in grand style. No other theatre in the country can equal this popular establishment in the magnificence of its spectacles. It has done its share, too, of the legitimate, with commendable taste and spirit. The Chatham is doing a dashing business in the minor department; and its pieces are very effectively put upon the stage. The public are giving Mr. Daverna, the manager, a benefit every evening, and for his enterprize he deserves it.





Painted by Théodore Géricault.

Engraved by A.L. Dick

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